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A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

Crockery's Lamentation
Death of Abercrombie
The Soldier's Funeral
The Wounded Hussar
The Banks of the Dee
The Blind Boy
Poor Mad Margery



Newcastle upon Tyne.
Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market.
Where may also be had, a large and curious Assortment
of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

CROCKERY'S LAMENTATION;

Or, Wonderful Changes!

Sung by Mr. LANE, at the Theatre-Royal, New-castle, on Monday, 17th. March, 1817.

WHAT changes have been, since I went to Bengal,

My sweetheart is grown so confoundedly tall;
'Twere *perjury* to marry a monster, I told her,
So I promis'd a tit; not quite up to my shoulder.
Derry down.

In every street, now, there's a new sort of *shop*;
The Old Bailey, too, there's a new sort of *drop*;
A new sort of *Robber* is now to be found,
'Who has others hang'd for him, and gets *forty pound*.
Derry down.

The world's to be burnt very soon, they declare;
No wonder—when *Gas Lights* set fire to the air:
The clouds too are tapt, for a dropical case,
And the sun has broke out with black spots *on his face*.
Derry down.

On the first day of April we make fools of folks;
That day was consider'd the *day of all jokes*;
But that day too is chang'd, as now it appears,
For the day of all jokes is the *Day of Algiers*.
Derry down.

I next went to *Ingty*, where Wellington shone;
I thought that he there stood a hero alone;
But he too is chang'd, for, in Europe, I hear,
He hath conquer'd twice more than in *Ingty*, O dear!
Derry down.

I left *Boney* fighting on sea and dry land,
 His motive it was to get hold of an island;
 But now I've come back, I look quite aghast,
 For egad! he's got hold of an island at last.

Derry down.

Our oars and our sails are exploded and gone,
 By steam from hot water the Boat is push'd on;
 Our Coinage is alter'd, but that is not strange,
 For Shillings were always inclining to change.

Derry down.

Little LANE, now, in changing, takes wondrous
 delight,

For he a strange character plays every night;
 But still to one character he means to be true,
 'Tis *Gratitude, Thanks, and Devotion* to you.

Derry down.

Death of Abercrombie.

'T WAS on the spot, in ancient lore oft nam'd,
 Where Iris and Osiris once held sway,
 O'er kings who sleep in pyramitic pride;
 But now for British valour far more fam'd,
 Since Nelson's band achiev'd a glorious day,
 And, crown'd with laurel, Abercrombie died.

Her roseate colours the dawn had not shed,
 O'er the field which stern slaughter had tinted too red.
 'Twas dark—save each flash at the cannon's hoarse
 sound,

When the brave Abercrombie receiv'd his death
 wound;

His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
 Though to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

With a mind unshook'd, still the foe he defy'd,
 On the steed which the Hero of Acre supply'd,
 'Till, feeling he soon to fate's summons must yield,
 He gave Sidney the sword he no longer could wield;
 His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
 'Though to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

The standard of Albion, with victory crown'd,
 Wav'd over his head as he sank on the ground.
 "Take me hence, my brave fellows," the vet'ran did
 cry,
 "My duty's complete, and contented I die."

The Soldier's Funeral.

WHAT dirge-like strains now meet the
 ear,
 Strains that call for pity's tear;
 See a solemn train appear,
 'Tis the Soldier's funeral.

Slow they move, in cadenc'd pace,
 Sorrow marking ev'ry face,
 With all the pomp of war to grace
 The gallant Soldier's funeral.

And lo! a form more deeply sad,
 A female form, in sable clad;
 She, torn from her lov'd Soldier lad,
 Weeps to see his funeral.

No black-stain'd plumes in splendor wave,
 No mourners but his comrades brave,
 And heart-broke wife attend the grave,
 Form'd for the Soldier's funeral.

Now they reach the holy ground,
 And all in death-like silence bound,
 On rested arms the spot surround,
 Intent upon the funeral.

The Priest repeats the solemn prayer,
 The martial volley rends the air,
 To greet the spirit fled from care,
 And close the Soldier's funeral.

The Wounded Hussar.

A LONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er;
 O whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my true love,
 Or where dost thou welter and bleed on the shore.
 What voice have I heard? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd:
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd the far,
 When bleeding and low on the heath she descried,
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was
 streaming,
 And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war;

How faint was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight,

How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war;

"Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful
night,

"To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar."

"Thou shalt live," she replied, "heaven's mercy relieving,

"Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn;"

"Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving,

"No light of the morn shall to Henry return:

"Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,

"Ye babes of my love, that await me afar."

His fault'ring tongue scarcely could murmur adieu!

When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded
Hussar.

The Banks of the Dee.

'T WAS summer, and softly the breezes were
blowing,

And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree;

At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing

I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,

Thy banks, purest stream; shall be dear to me ever;

For there I first gain'd the affection and favour

Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourn-
ing,

To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he:

And ah! there's no hopes of his speedy returning,

To wander again on the banks of the Dee,

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring bil-
lows,

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore
him,

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er
him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying;
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;
While I with my Jamie am carelessly staying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

The Blind Boy.

OH say, what is that thing call'd light,
Which I can ne'er enjoy?

What are the blessings of the sight?

Oh! tell your poor blind boy

You talk of wondrous things you see,

You say the sun shines bright;

I feel him warm, but how can he

Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,

Whene'er I sleep or play;

O! cou'd I ever keep awake!

With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs, I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe;
 But, sure, with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have,
 My cheer of mind destroy;
 Whilst then I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy.

Poor Mad Margery.

AH! did you not hear of a poor silly maid,
 Who listen'd to love, but whose lover betray'd?
 Who fled far away to conceal her sad shame,
 And who wild in her wits and her manners became!
 And they call'd her, 'Poor mad Margery.'

A garland she cull'd from the hedges and meads,
 And chose her collection of nettles and weeds;
 But the sweets she neglected, or threw them all by,
 For she thought she deserv'd no delight but to die:
 So farewell to poor Margery.

She wander'd forlorn, without guardian or guide,
 To the brink of the flood, or the precipice side;
 And tho' storms howl'd around her she heeded them
 not,
 For, in thoughts of her shame, all her fears were for-
 got,

By the hapless poor mad Margery.

FINIS.